



Tired



165 18 17

Chapter 1 by EvilDisney

You can write only 3 sentences each:

I was tired. Tired of running and hiding no matter where I go. I was tired of it all, and now I was going to fix it.

Chapter 2 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



I grabbed the gun off the counter and started towards the door. I was going to find Ryan, and I was going to kill him for what he did.

He was the reason I was always running.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Still, my hands shook. He liked to tell me long ago that no girl should ever hold a weapon; it was unbecoming of their "matronly nature".

For my purposes, I really, really hope that isn't true.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka

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I could probably walk to h
but it's the truth. Little landmarks keep me company on the walk there, gun at the ready. This is

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the sidewalk where he first pushed me into oncoming traffic, and this is the street corner where he first kissed me, and...

Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



No. There's no use in thinking of it all now. He isn't going to change.

Chapter 6 by 20hupj



The dirt path crumbles as I walk up to his house, shadows luring me into the dark. The full moon glints at the menacing branches of dead trees clashing in the thrill night air. He isn't going to change, but I will.

Chapter 7 by CarnageDT



I convince myself as I walk up to the same door I walked up so many times before, but this time it isn't for him...its for me.I knock on his front door, my heart beating faster by the second,then he answers.

Chapter 8 by Diana



He's bare chested with the usual white workout towel carelessly slung across those broad shoulders; his six pack abs disappear into the waistband of his faded just right low-slung Levi's. His eyebrows raise slightly as his lips curl into what his new women always mistake for a slightly sexy grin but which I now know is nothing more than a cruel sneer. He leans toward me; laying his head into the crook of my neck while whispering "I knew you would come for me"; then his muscular arm cinches tightly round my shoulders and i feel myself spinning into the house and land hard on my already thrice broken shoulder on his gleaming hard wood floor as my gun slides across the floor coming to rest at the silver tips of his pointed cowboy boots.

the end

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